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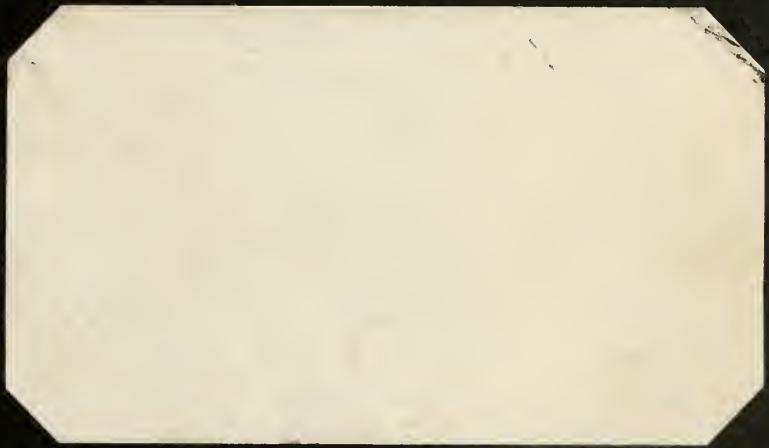

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WITH DEWEY : : AT MANILA

BEING the Plain Story of the Glorious Victory of the United States Squadron Over the Spanish Fleet Sunday Morning, May 1st, 1898, as related in the Notes and Correspondence of an Officer on Board the Flagship Olympia

EDITED BY THOMAS J. VIVIAN

R. F. FENNO & COMPANY
9 AND 11 EAST 16TH STREET : : NEW YORK

Atlantic Monthly for 1898

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TABLE OF CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I. PAGE

Waiting for the Order..... 7

CHAPTER II.

The Scene of the Tragedy..... 17

CHAPTER III.

Running the Gauntlet..... 30

CHAPTER IV.

The First Round..... 46

CHAPTER V.

All Hands Piped to Breakfast..... 62

CHAPTER VI.

The Beginning of the End..... 85

ADDENDA.

Rear Admiral Dewey's Record..... 97

WITH DEWEY AT MANILA.

CHAPTER I.

WAITING FOR THE ORDER.

We had been simmering and stewing in steamy Hong Kong ever since March 28, waiting and waiting for instructions to swing across the China Sea to Manila. Rear-Admiral Dewey—he was Commodore Dewey then—was as anxious and impatient as the rest of us, and I could see by the way in which he fumbled over the charts and paced up and down the bridge with his weather eye turned to the shore that he expected such an order from Washington at any moment.

We knew that the relations between the United States and Spain were at snapping-point tension, and we knew too, that as soon as that break occurred the two opposing Asiatic squadrons would be in the thick of the trouble. Our waiting work was not, however, confined to simmering and fretting, for during the days between April 18 and April 21 there was much done in the work of stirring preparation.

Early on the morning of the 19th, for instance, the carpenter of the Olympia received orders to mix up his war paint, and in a short time after, the painters' planks were swung out and a crowd of our Jackies was covering the white sides of the flagship with a dull dark drab; ugly enough to look at, but admirably adapted for concealing a fleet from observation. A "White Squadron" is well enough for spectacular purposes in times of peace, but it is far too showy for war times, and especially for service in these sun-lit seas where the glistening sides of white war craft can be seen against the furthest horizon. The least visibility is what we wanted and we took a leaf out of Russia's book in using the drab, the commanders of the Czar's ships having found it to be the best concealing color in the paint lockers. While the Olympia was being painted the same work was going on along the sides of the other ships, and by nightfall of the 20th our six vessels were all of the same uniform dull gray. The Baltimore had not arrived then, but when she came in on the 21st she had scarcely anchored before she too put on her war paint.

Another sign of what was to come was furnished by the Commodore some days ago. The English steamer Nanshan had just arrived with three thousand three hundred tons of Cardiff

MAP OF CHINA SEA, SHOWING MIRS BAY, AND THE DISTANCE TO MANILA

coal on board and, knowing that as soon as war broke out England would declare her neutrality and we should not be able to coal from the Hong Kong wharves, the Commodore quietly sent over the fleet paymaster to the consignees and he as quietly purchased from them the entire outfit, ship, coal and all. So, too, when the steamer Zafiro of the Manila-Hong Kong line came into this port she was bought out as she floated, with all her fuel and provisions. On board the Zafiro we shipped all our spare ammunition so that she really became our floating magazine.

It was feared at first that we might have some trouble in manning these two steamers, but the original crews seemed only too glad to re-ship under the Stars and Stripes. Lieutenant Hutchins was sent over to the Nanshan, and Ensign Pierson was placed in charge of the Zafiro, both fellows grumbling at the assignments, because, they said, it meant that they would be huddled off into some safe corner without any chance of being in the midst of the scrimmage.

On the 18th the lookouts reported the Hugh McCulloch, and when the little revenue cutter came in with her whistle tooting, and the spray dancing up and down her yacht-like bow, the men of the squadron sent up a yell that brought

every sampan man out of cover to see what had happened.

"Now the squadron is safe," said Captain Gridley, with his queer smile.

All the same, the little revenue cutter did good service, and if she had been allowed her way would have done something during the next week that would have made her the most-talked-about boat in the world.

The McCulloch was on her way to San Francisco, having been making the tour of the world across the Atlantic, down the Mediterranean, through the Suez Canal, and so across the Indian Seas to Singapore. She belongs, it is true, to the Treasury Department, but in times of national exigency the president has the right, and the power, to muster all revenue cutters into the navy. It was at Singapore that Captain Daniel B. Hodgson received his orders to join the Commodore, an order that sent up the enthusiasm of the cutter's officers to fever heat and the caps of her crew into the air as high as they could pitch them.

It was thought for a time that we might use the old Monocacy which lies at Shanghai, but after looking her over it was decided that she would be a drawback to the expedition, and so she was left in the river and lies there still. Her

crew was broken up and three officers and fifty men were brought here and distributed around the fleet.

As all the world knows diplomatic relations between the United States and Spain were broken off on the 21st of April, war being declared on the 25th, and within the next forty-eight hours our squadron, in obedience to a polite intimation from the Governor-General of Hong Kong, steamed away from that British possession up to Mirs Bay, a little Chinese roadstead a few miles to the north of the island.

On the 26th of April the McCulloch, which we had left at Hong Kong, came racing up to Mirs Bay, bringing McKinley's famous order:

"WASHINGTON, April 26.

"DEWEY, Asiatic Squadron: Commence operations at once, particularly against the Spanish fleet. You must capture or destroy them.

"MCKINLEY."

When the Commodore read the dispatch he closed up his lips with his characteristic snap: "Thank the Lord, "he said" at last I've got the chance and I'll wipe them off the Pacific Ocean."

Everybody knew what the "them" referred to. Ever since we had heard of the blowing up of

the Maine every man in the squadron had been fighting mad, and wanted only one thing—to get at the Spaniards. I believe, too, that there was not a soul in the fleet but would have most piously and earnestly said "Amen" had he heard the Commodore's exclamation of thankfulness. I know I did.

Consul Williams came up on the McCulloch also with dispatches. He had hurried out of Manila when things grew too hot, and on the quiet intimation from Governor-General Augusti that his life was in danger. He brought us much interesting information, but nothing that was not overshadowed by the president's order.

The news spread like lightning throughout the fleet, and when the Commodore's signal went up calling the commanders over to the Olympia for counsel and orders, a cheer went up such as old Mirs Bay never heard before—the cheer of full-throated American tars who knew that fighting was at hand and that at last they would have a chance to show how well they remembered the Maine. At exactly two o'clock in the afternoon of April 27, 1898—it is just as well to be exact when the making of history is concerned—we ran up the Commodore's sailing pennant and steamed out of Mirs Bay, with every ship's nose

pointed straight across for the six hundred and twenty-eight-mile run to the Philippines.

We were nine vessels in all, made up as follows: The Olympia (flagship), a second-class protected cruiser; the Baltimore, also a second-class protected cruiser; the Boston, also a second-class protected cruiser; the Raleigh, of the same size and class as the Boston; the Concord, a partially protected gunboat; the Hugh McCulloch, a steel-clad revenue cutter, turned into a gunboat; the Petrel, a small gunboat; and the two transport ships, the Zafiro and the Nanshan. The proper place in which to speak of the squadron's armament, tonnage, weight of metal and other fighting qualities will come later, when a comparison between the American and Spanish fleets is more immediately necessary to a description of the battle, and this condensed list is given here in order to fix the individuality of our ships in the mind of the reader.

We appreciated the fact that the Spanish fleet was far more numerous than ours, and though we were not definitely sure as to its exact numbers we did know that it embraced the five cruisers the Reina Christina, the Castilla, the Velasco, the Don Juan de Austria, and the Don Antonio de Ulloa. It is true that many of the Spanish cruisers were old-fashioned, and it is also

true that the Commodore did not have a single armored vessel in his squadron, not even an armored cruiser. There is no better place, too, in which to mention another fact, this: that we were moving down on the enemy's base; that our defeat meant being six thousand miles away from supplies or succor; while to the Spaniards defeat meant an easy falling back on a port of relief. I say this here because since the victory at Manila I have seen a number of criticisms whose tenor has been to minify the victory on the ground of the disparity between the fighting machines. It is true again that the president's order to the Commodore was to "capture or destroy" the Spanish fleet, but I venture to say that not even the most sanguine Jacky of ours ever anticipated a complete annihiliation of the enemy, or that we should come out of it scatheless. What I wish to make clear is that while we were going into battle with what may be called a jaunty swiftness, it was not for one moment imagined that we would come out of it as jauntily. We thought we were in for a hard fight, and as the factors in the fight piled up in numbers and gravity that impression became all the stronger.

As soon as we sighted the Philippine coast the Boston, Baltimore, and Concord went ahead on scout duty. First of all they looked in at

Bolinao Bay, but no trace of the Spanish fleet was to be found there. Subig Bay, some thirty miles from Manila, was next approached. This was cautiously done, for the latest reports brought by Williams were that Admiral Montojo, commanding Spain's Asiatic fleet, had planned to do us battle there.

The only craft found at Subig Bay, however, were two small schooners, coasters, with two of the most ludicrously ignorant crews it has ever been my fortune to meet. They did not know of the existence of any Spanish fleet; they did not even know where Manila was, and I believe that had the cross-questioning been put further they would have declared they did not know where the Philippines were. With the Spanish fleet at neither Bolinao nor Subig it became evident that Montojo had changed his mind and had determined to make Manila Bay the fighting ground. When the result of the scouting was reported to the Commodore he said: "Very well then, Manila it must be."

It was six o'clock on the evening of Saturday, April 30, when we left Subig Bay—a hot, moist evening—and as we steamed slowly down the coast the sun dropped into the sea like a copper ball. But instead of the quick-coming tropical night there was a great yellow moon hung in the

sky. Orders were signaled along the fleet to slow down until the moon set, and when she did so all lights in the fleet were guarded, the men were called to quarters, and everything was ready for slipping into Manila Bay.

A description of the fight that was about to come so thoroughly involves a description of the setting in which the great sea tragedy was to be acted out, that it will be necessary here to set down as plainly as possible just what Manila Bay is like, together with some necessary and pertinent facts concerning the Philippines.

CHAPTER II.

THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.

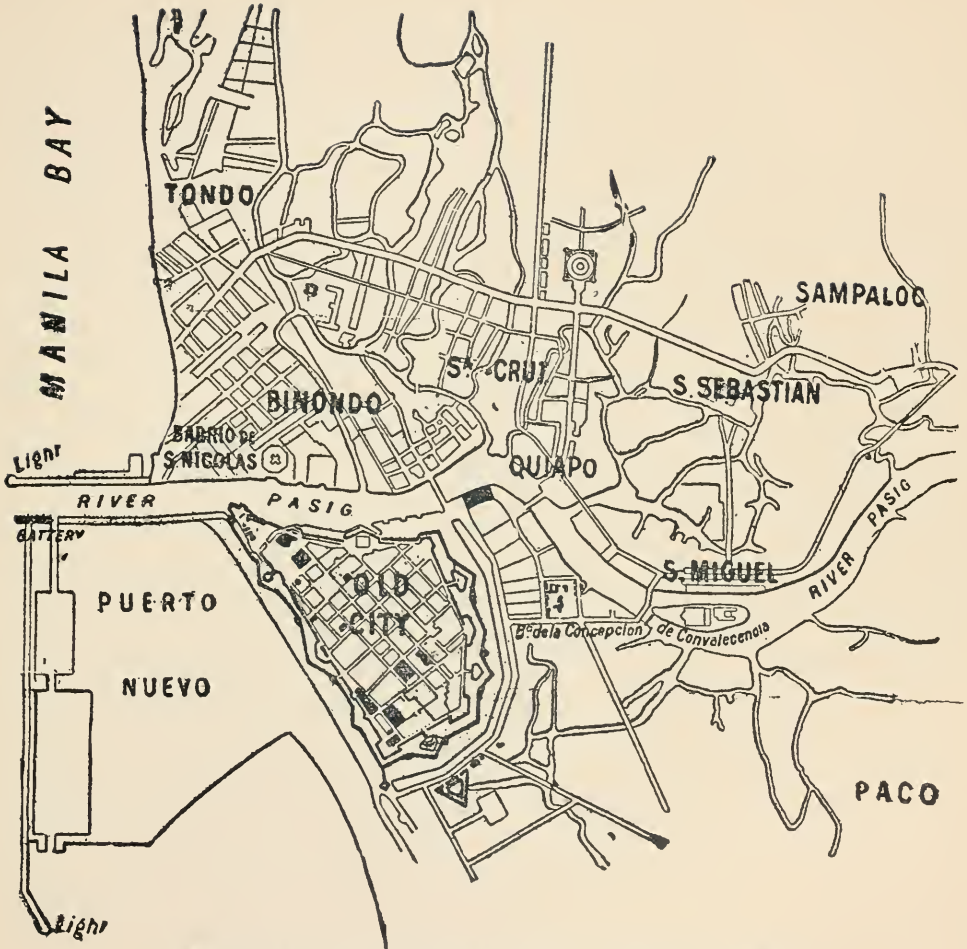
If you were in the basket of a war balloon and were to look down on the Bay of Manila you would see that it is a land-locked or pear-shaped body of water, with the stem end pointing toward the sea. It lies about square with the compass, being thirty miles from north to south and twenty-five miles from east to west. At each side of the entrance to the bay rise steep volcanic mountains covered with dense foliage, and which constitute the two ends of the coast range of mountains. On the in-shore side, these mountains slope down to a plain which sweeps all round the upper part of the bay. On the flattest part of this plain and directly opposite the entrance to the bay, from which it is situated about twenty-six miles, lies the city of Manila.

Manila has been called the Venice of the Eastern Seas, its Venetian title being due to the fact that it is traversed by a number of waterways, the largest of which is the Pasig River, which may be called a sort of Grand Canal. The waterways

cut up the whole extent of the city into a number of islands, while the Pasig is the dividing line between Old and New Manila, the latter city being locally known as Binondo. When I was first there, which was soon after the great earthquake of 1880, the old town was strewn with ruins, but these have been leisurely cleared away, and the place, except for the war preparations, has resumed its normal aspect.

Old Manila is one of the most nearly perfect examples of an Hispano-Oriental walled city that I have ever seen. It is surrounded by mediæval, moss-covered fortifications which are as picturesque as they are useless from the standpoint of modern warfare. On the parapets of these fortifications still stand, I am told, the glistening array of harmless old smooth-bores that have been there for hundreds of years.

In the walls are a number of gates, each with its drawbridge and porticullis; all amply able to withstand the advance of an army of bowmen, but all absolutely worthless against a single rifled cannon. The principal gate to the old fortifications is the Entrada, and before it and along the city walls stretches the Luneta, a well laid out fashionable promenade, where military bands play, or used to play, two or three times a week. Across the city stretches a broad ave-



MANILA, THE CAPITAL OF THE PHILIPPINES, ITS STREETS AND SUBURBS

nue named Legazbi, after the lieutenant of the great navigator Magellan, who founded Manila in 1571.

It is always hot in Manila. There are varying degrees of heat, it is true, but at the lowest degree of temperature it is hot—hot and moist. The sheet-iron roofs and the bare backs of the natives glistening in the sun make it look hotter. When the city was built its founders bore in loving minds the narrow streets of the old Iberian towns, and so Manila's streets are narrow and stuffy; and as the sidewalks are still narrower and built for one, and as it is a constant jostle to get along them, they are stuffier even than the streets.

The houses are low and generally plasterless, due to the fact that the interior lining of the rooms is cloth, the rending of this by the constantly occurring earthquakes being unpleasant to the ear, it is true, but not so uncomfortable or dangerous to the occupants as the falling of slabs of plaster. Most of the windows in the old town are not windows at all, but simply holes in the walls filled with a sliding shutter in which are set thin, translucent sea-shells, so that through them a dim and slightly opalescent light filters in.

So deadly flat are the sandy isles on which Ma-

nila is built that it is scarcely more than a foot above high water. The water in the moats is so sluggish that it is little better than a mass of weeds, and as to drainage, there is strong evidence to the senses that there is none. All the houses are damp, so damp indeed that no one thinks of sleeping on the ground floor. Most of the living is done in the second story, while in the first or ground floor the Philippino keeps his store or his stable. Upstairs live the house snakes which are to Manila what the dogs are to Constantinople, the unlicensed scavengers of the city. They are quite harmless to mankind, although it takes some time for the stranger to become accustomed to the eight or nine feet of reptile, wriggling after the rats, which are the snakes' legitimate supply and one of the many pests of Manila. So many and so fierce are these rats that if it were not for the snakes Manila would be overrun by them and would be as uninhabitable as Hamelin.

There are three things that every Philippino does—play some instrument, smoke, and keep game roosters. Of all these three characteristics that which struck me most was his ability as a musician. I have rarely heard better music than that of the native bands, and I never saw a Manila man who could not play some sort of instru-

ment and play it well. In the piping times of peace, when I was last there, the orchestra to the grand opera was a native one, while the audiences were far more appreciative, or at least more attentive than those of New York. The opera began at nine o'clock and was carried on in an easy, unhurried fashion until about two or three in the morning, with good long intervals between the acts, long enough for a nice little light supper.

There is no opera in Manila now though, and for two years the Philippines have been the theater of some of the most horrifying tragedies that have ever marked Spain's bloody rule of her colonies. To Spain the natives of the Philippines have been but one thing—tax-producers. It has been the land of promise and profit for every greedy, scoundrelly official, and what little has been left to the natives after the squeezing process of the state official has been ground and pulverized out of them by the greedy churchman. It is against the churchman, in fact, that the anger of the Philippino has most blazed out, and the poverty stricken village of thatched huts squatting around the ponderous convent or church, and the ragged, hunger-famished peasant elbowed out of the way by the sleek, paunchy padres have been object lessons which served to keep that anger hot.

It was in August, 1896, that the anger and despair of the peasant bore its worst fruit. There were insurrections all over the islands and while the troops were in the south of Luzon the insurgents gathered around Manila with the purpose of sacking it. A leader was wanted, however, the troops were hurriedly called back, and Spain's heavy hand closed on the rebels. A hundred of them were thrown into a small dungeon in an old fort near the river, and when the door was opened next morning sixty of them were dead. Instead of stopping the revolt this Black Hole incident only seemed to give it new fury.

The revolution spread, and while groups of insurgents have been shot down almost every week to the music of the bands the insurgents have retaliated by cutting the priests to pieces. A dragging war has been carried on in the Philippines on very nearly the same lines as that carried on in Cuba. White troops have been pitted against the natives, and while there have been few engagements, the white troops have been decimated by disease and sudden onslaught, while the natives are as strong as ever behind the impregnable intrenchments of climate and mountain jungle.

Along the northern shore of the Pasig and im-

mediately opposite the old city are the hotels and large commercial warehouses and the bazaar occupied by the Chinese and called the Escolta, from which central point the natives' dwellings stretch up and down the river between its two bridges. Next comes Binondo proper, which is the great business quarter, and next up the river lies San Miguel, which is the fashionable quarter where the rich Spaniards and foreigners have their residences. Here, too, are the new abodes of the Governor-General and admiral of the fleet who used to reside in the old walled city. Here, too, are the great modern churches, the fine hospital of St. Lazarus, the military storehouse and the famous cigar factory where some ten thousand women were daily employed making "Manilas."

Back of these towns or quarters, which lie along the river front, are the suburbs. There are many pleasant gardens and towering buildings, but the whole is flat and unhealthy. The population, which is estimated at anything from one hundred and sixty thousand to three hundred thousand, contains only about five thousand Spaniards, the rest being made up of every shade and variety of natives and some twenty-five thousand Chinese. The natural drawbacks of Manila have not been combated any more than its natural

advantages have been improved, and Manila in strong Anglo-Saxon hands would not only continue to be the most important port in this part of the globe, but would be decently healthy and positively clean.

As a trade center Manila ranks with Calcutta and Batavia, and as the chief port of the Philippine Islands all their productions flow to it, and its harbor is visited all the year round by vessels from every nation under the sun. What Manila exports reads like a catalogue of tropical productions, and as the foreign craft sail from it they are laden down with sugar, tobacco, indigo, hemp, gold-dust, bird's-nests, coffee, mats, hides, hats, tortoise shells, cigars, cotton and rice. Outside of its natural products Manila furnishes little other manufactures than cheroots and cordage, except that in small quantities it produces beautiful fabrics known as pinas, woven from the fibers of the pineapple leaf and exquisitely embroidered, lovely mats and rich cloths of the abaca filament.

The Philippine Islands are indeed the treasure house of the Malay Archipelago. While many of the twelve hundred islands are little more than volcanic points in the sea, Luzon, Mindanao, Samar, Panay, Negros and Palawan are so large that most of their interior regions are still

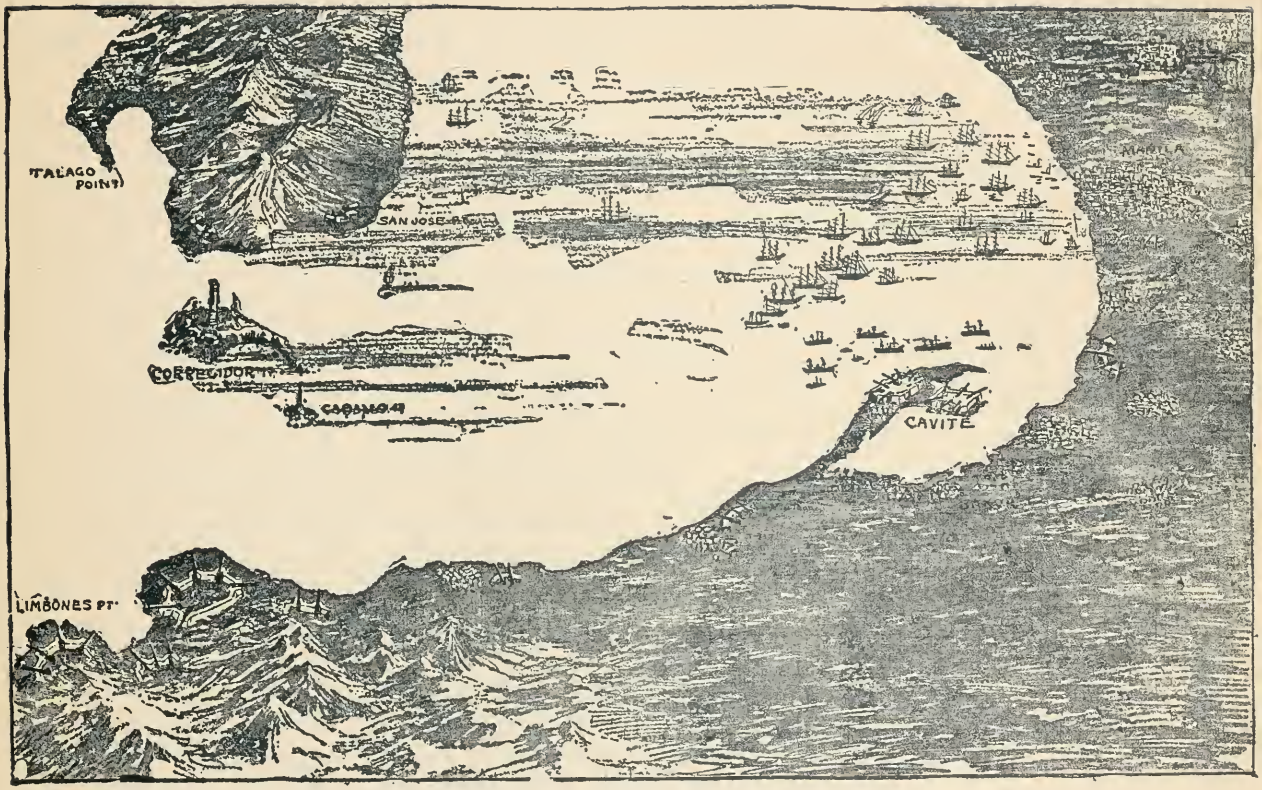
unknown lands. Up and down the islands runs a great chain of mountains, with a general trend of north and south and an extreme height of six thousand feet. In those mountains lie unexplored riches of gold, copper, iron, lead, mercury, sulphur and coal. The coasts of most of the islands are deeply indented by the sea, rivers are abundant and there are excellent harbors galore.

From their position the Philippines lie within the range of the Monsoons, and violent hurricanes are of frequent occurrence. From May to September the west coasts of the archipelago are deluged with rain, while the October Monsoon brings rain to the east coast.

It cannot be denied that malaria and fever are common, but there are plenty of low, river bottom lands in the Southern States that are quite as unhealthy as the Philippines, while in the interior of the islands the climate is as balmy and pure as in Kentucky. Even under Spanish mismanagement the exports of the Philippines amount roundly to sixteen million dollars annually, while the outside world sends to them cottons, machinery, linens, coal, iron, earthenware, hardware and woolens to about as much. The area of the Philippines is something like seventy-seven thousand square miles, or a trifle over that of the New England States, while the

population has been estimated at eight millions. All this, however, is estimated because the Spaniards, notwithstanding their centuries of occupation, have been as limited in their explorations of the group as they have been in their schemes of drainage in Manila. In a word, the Philippines stand as an unexplored potentiality whose products, commerce, and strategic value are almost limitless.

Ten miles nearer the entrance to the Bay of Manila lies the town of Cavite, with a population of five thousand and a garrison of six hundred. It is, or was, the military post and marine arsenal of Manila and of the Spanish Orient. Vessels were built and repaired there. It has a dock for gunboats and many private slips. It possesses a harbor formed by a spit which projects from the shore like a finger pointing toward Manila. It is strongly fortified, its fortresses mounting many guns, and although most of them were of an ancient type, many others of them were modern, and we were informed that at least two ten-inch guns had been taken from the war ships and placed in one of the shore batteries. Opposite the fort on the spit there was a large mortar battery on the main land, with a good range across the harbor and toward the entrance of the bay.



SCENE OF THE FIRST GREAT NAVAL BATTLE OF THE WAR

Birdseye view of the lower part of Manila Bay, showing the City and fortified approaches thereto, with Cavite, where the great fight was made and won

Manila itself is more strongly protected on the land side than on the water front. The cordon of land batteries, put up to prevent attacks by the insurgent forces which had been hovering about the city ready to pounce upon it when the opportunity offered, is, I should think, quite an effective one, but, with the exception of a Krupp battery on the mole known as the Luneta fort, there was nothing to fear from Manila.

Blocking the entrance to the bay, or rather dividing it into three channels, are two islands, Corregidor and Caballo or Rulocabilla. Corregidor is six hundred and forty feet high, while Caballo is four hundred and twenty. There is a lighthouse on each island, and we had heard that both were strongly fortified with modern guns. Across from Corregidor lies San Jose point with, it was understood, a shore battery which commanded that channel; while across from Caballo Island is Libonis Point, also, we understood, heavily guarded with shore batteries. In fact, while we were at Hong Kong we had seen sundry dispatches from Madrid in the Hong Kong *Times* which stated that Manila was impregnable. It was asserted that there were forts, terrible forts, on every point along the entrance, that the bay shore fairly bristled with Krupp guns, and that

the bombardment of the defenses would be an impossibility, owing to the range and power of the ordnance which had been emplaced at every commanding point. More than this, we learned through the same medium that the entrance to Manila Bay was completely mined, and that the passage of any channel would result in every ship of the fleet being blown into eternity. It was stated, moreover, that all the forts were heavily garrisoned, and that the troops in Manila numbered from seven to ten thousand.

Corregidor, which is the principal island, lies two miles only from the east shore of the mainland, the channel being known as the Boca Grande. The channel between Caballo Island and the mainland is about three miles across, about twenty fathoms deep, and is called the Boca Chica. The middle channel, that between the two islands, is about three thousand four hundred feet wide, and perhaps seven fathoms deep. The winds of the entrance are always fresh and the tide always strong.

Lastly, we knew, with a measurable degree of certainty, that if the Spanish fleet were within, it would be found lying under the forts of Cavite.

This, therefore, was the problem which the Commodore had to face: The selection of his

channel, the avoidance of mines, the encounter with the Spanish fleet and its protecting forts, and running the gauntlet of the shore batteries. It was with the perfect cognizance of all these matters that the battle line was formed and the signal given to steam through the Boca Grande.

CHAPTER III.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

When we arrived off Subig Bay on the afternoon of Saturday, April 30, the Commodore called the commanding officers of the ships over to his cabin and outlined to them his plan of attack as far as he then knew it. The men in the Commodore's council of war were these: From the Olympia, Captain Charles V. Gridley; from the Raleigh, Captain Joseph B. Coghlan; from the Boston, Captain Frank Wildes; from the Baltimore, Captain Nehemiah M. Dyer; from the Concord, Commander Asa Walker; from the Petrel, Captain E. P. Wood; from the McCulloch, Captain D. B. Hodgson.

These men were the men to whom the glory of the fight is due as leaders; and these are the leaders who say that the glory of the fight is due the men.

He told them he had every reason to believe that the Spaniards were in Manila Bay and that his purpose was to carry out the President's instructions and destroy their fleet. We

CAPT
FRANK WILDES
U.S.N.
CAPT.
CHAS. V. GRIDLEY
U.S.N.
COMMANDER
E.P. WOOD
U.S.N.
COMMANDER
ASA
WALKER
U.S.N
COMMANDER
B. P.
LAMBERTON
U.S.N.
CAPT
J. B.
COGHLAN
U.S.N.
CAPT.
N. MAYO
DYER
U.S.N.

were told that the first thing was to slip into the bay past the guarding forts under cover of night and as soon as daylight came and the exact location of the fleet was discovered to "go for it." It was decided to use the Boca Grande or southern passage for entrance and if possible to pass the shore forts without drawing their fire.

Sunday morning came on still and hot, and as each captain was carried back to his ship we could hear the chuck, chuck of the different launches or the dip of the gigs' crews, each one it seemed to us making noise enough to rouse the whole coast of Luzon. At last the moon set and the fleet steamed slowly into line for entering the harbor. First went the flagship Olympia, then the Baltimore, then the Raleigh, next the Petrel, following her the Concord, and last the Boston. After the fighting fleet came the supply ships, Nanshan and Zafiro, convoyed by the McCulloch.

As we rounded out beyond the last point before reaching the entrance we saw the lights of the great cone of Corregidor burning bright and still, but saw nothing in the shape of a flashlight. Every man was called up and ordered to wash and take a cup of coffee. While this light and early refreshment was being served all the ships' lights were extinguished, except those on

the taffrail and these were hooded. So we crept along, until we came into the channel moving in single file and without a sound on board, except a few quiet orders and the throb of the engines and kick of the screws.

In that still air it seemed absolutely impossible for us to escape the attention of the entrance forts, yet it is the fact that the Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord and Boston passed without even the challenge of a hail. The batteries of Corregidor and Caballo were mute, although the flagship passed well in range with the Baltimore following still closer inshore. I can scarcely believe it possible that the garrisons were at their posts and awake, for again it seemed to us that surely a fleet stealing into an enemy's bay never made so much noise as we did. Again, too, the fact remains that not a yell or shot greeted us, and we would all have been inside—squadron, supply ships and convoy—without the Spanish fleet receiving the faintest intimation of our approach if it had not been for some enthusiastic fireman on board the McCulloch. Possibly her commander had some idea that he was running behind and told the engineer to put on a little more steam. At any rate the men at the boilers got the idea that this was needed and, throwing open the furnace doors,

some fellow ladled in a few shovelfulls of nice soft coal. Up from the smokestack of the cutter went a great shower of sparks.

"Well," said a lieutenant who stood beside me, "if some one don't see that, the whole island must be asleep."

Some one evidently did, but even then the answer did not come instantly, for some minutes elapsed before out of the west there came a bugle call, then a flash and then the rolling boom of a great gun. Between the flash and the report there should have been the drop somewhere of the shot that went with them, but nobody in the fleet, so far as I have been able to learn, ever saw or heard anything to prove that Spain's first gun in the battle of Manila Bay fired anything more than a blank cartridge.

Twice more the battery spoke and somewhere astern of the McCulloch there was a great flashing of water, but whether a wave broke, a fish jumped, or a shot struck, I cannot say. Up to the third shot with its answering splash no reply had come from our fleet, but with the third shot, and sounding almost like its echo, there came a crack from the Concord, and we knew that our first shot had gone out in the shape of a four-inch shell. In what particular part of the fort that shot hit I am not able to say, but that it did

hit I have no doubt for from the shore came the sound of a plunk and smash, followed by a cry. Then still further back of us the Boston barked yet louder and sent in an eight-inch shell, and still further to the rear the McCulloch, having started the fuss, went snapping into it with a few of her four-pounders.

The batteries kept on flashing and booming a few minutes longer and then became as silent as they were before we had steamed up. Whether the gunners went back to bed or no will have to be set down as an historical doubt, but so far as being an opposing force the shore garrisons—these terrible fortresses, bristling with Krupps of which we had heard so much, might have been so many children's sand forts at Coney Island set up to keep out the Atlantic.

There remained of course the torpedoes and mines with which the entrance was strewn, and Admiral Montojo's fleet rushing out to meet us. What the sensations of the other fellows were about the mines I did not know then, but I found afterward, when making a poll of sensations, that the unanimous feeling was that if mines were there they were, and that was all there was about it. The dreadful and unexpected did not happen. There was no shaking up of the fountains of the vasty deep, no great ship rose bodily

in the air and came down a shattered mass of timbers, steel and men. The mines proved as innocuous as the shore batteries.

There remained then the Spanish fleet "rushing out to meet us." But out of the darkness came the throb of no enemy's engine, no flashing signal to halt, not even a scurrying scout.

Very quietly, that is, as quietly as nine steamers can move, we went ahead and as soon as we had passed the batteries at the harbor mouth we slowed down until it seemed as though we were almost at a standstill. The Commodore was talking in an undertone to the rebel Philippino who was acting as pilot; I could see the figures of the men standing silently at their posts up and down the ship; and looking over her sides I could distinguish no line of demarkation between the dull gray of the vessels and the dark waters of the bay through which we were so slowly slipping.

We all came to the conclusion afterward that this leisurely advance through the quarter light of the dawn was the most trying period in the whole affair. The snapping interchange of compliments between the forts and the Concord, Boston and McCulloch had served as a little fillip, although we on the first four ships had had no part in that, but this creeping, creeping, creeping with invisible mines below us and an

invisible fleet ahead was a test out of which no man came without a sigh of relief. It is a hard thing to whisper an order, I know, so perhaps it is not to be wondered at that there should have been a break, or vibration in the men's voices as they passed the necessary word from mouth to mouth. We were all keyed up, but it was not long before the fighting string in every man's heart was twanging and singing like that of a taut bow.

As is the fashion of nature in these parts the dawn turned as suddenly into day as though a curtain had been torn down from the sunlight, and there right ahead of us lay the Spanish fleet tucked up under the forts of Cavite; the scene jumping as suddenly into vision as though it had been a quick stage-setting in a theater done in the dark and shown in the flashing up of every light in the house. The fleets at last had met, and here it is that the fighting forces must be plainly marshaled for the reader's clear understanding of what is to follow.

Commodore Dewey's fleet consisted of seven vessels exclusive of the transports.

His flagship, the cruiser Olympia, was launched in San Francisco in 1892. She is a twin screw steamer of steel with two covered barbettes and two military masts. She is three hundred and

forty feet long, has a beam of fifty-three feet and a mean draft of twenty-one feet six inches. Her tonnage is five thousand eight hundred and seventy tons, her coal-carrying capacity is one thousand three hundred tons and her speed is twenty-one and a half knots. Her armor consists of steel deck plates, steel-covered barbettes, hoods and gun shields, and two conning towers. She is also protected with a cellulose belt thirty-three inches thick and eight feet broad. Her armament includes four eight-inch breech loaders, ten five-inch quick-firing guns, fourteen six-pounder quick-fire guns, six one-pound quick-fire guns, four gatlings and six torpedo tubes. She carries four hundred and sixty-six men and belongs to the second class of protected cruisers.

The Baltimore was launched in Philadelphia in 1888. She also is a protected cruiser of the second class, is built of steel, has twin screws and two military tops. She is three hundred and twenty-seven feet six inches long, forty-eight feet six inches in beam, has a mean draft of nine teen feet six inches, a tonnage of four thousand six hundred tons and a speed of twenty knots. Her protection consists of steel deck plates, shields for all the guns and conning tower. Her armament consists of four eight-inch breech loaders, six six-inch breech loaders, two six-

pound rapid firers, two three-pound rapid firers, two one-pound rapid firers, four one-pound revolving cannon, two gatling guns, and five torpedo tubes. She carries a crew of three hundred and ninety-five men.

The Boston, also a second class protected cruiser, was launched in 1884. She is a steel vessel of three thousand one hundred and eighty-nine tons, with a single screw. Her length is two hundred and seventy feet three inches, beam forty-two feet and mean draft seventeen feet. Her speed is fifteen and a half knots. Her deck is partially protected and she carries two eight-inch breech loaders, six six-inch breech loaders, two six-pound, two three-pound, and two one-pound rapid-fire guns, two three-pound revolving cannon and two gatlings. Her crew consists of two hundred and seventy-two men.

The Raleigh was launched at Norfolk in 1892. She is a steel cruiser of the second class with twin screws and military tops. She is three hundred feet long, forty-two feet in beam, eighteen feet draft, three thousand one hundred and eighty-three tons of tonnage and a speed of nineteen knots. Her deck is protected with armor, she carries a cellulose belt, an armored conning tower and steel sponsons. She carries one six-inch rapid-fire gun, on her forecastle, ten five-

"OLYMPIA," U. S. N.

Protected Cruiser. Twin screw. Keel laid 1891. 20 officers; 293 men.
Dimensions, 340 feet by 53 feet; Draft, 21 feet 6 inches. Displacement, 5870 tons. Speed 20 knots.
Main Battery, four 8-inch guns and ten 5-inch rapid firing guns. Secondary Battery, fourteen 6-pounder and six 1-pounder rapid fire guns, and four gatlings.

inch rapid-firing guns, two on the poop and four on each side of the gun-deck in sponsons; eight six-pound and four one-pound rapid-fire guns, two gatlings and six torpedo tubes. Her crew numbers two hundred and ninety-five.

The Concord is a third-class cruiser, really a gunboat, of one thousand seven hundred tons, with twin screws, length of two hundred and thirty feet, beam of thirty-six feet, draft of fourteen feet and can make seventeen knots. Her deck and conning tower are protected with light armor. She carries six six-inch guns, two six-pound, two three-pound, and one one-pound rapid-fire guns, two two-pound revolving cannon, two gatlings and two torpedo tubes. She has a crew of one hundred and fifty men.

The Petrel is a gunboat of eight hundred tons. She was launched in Baltimore in 1888, is one hundred and seventy-six feet long, thirty-one feet beam, eleven feet seven inches in draft and makes 13.7 knots an hour. Her deck and six-inch guns are protected with armor. She carries four six-inch guns, two three-pound and one one-pound rapid-fire guns, two one-pound revolving cannon and two gatlings. Her crew is one hundred men.

The McCulloch is a revenue cutter of one thousand five hundred tons, built of steel and armed

with four four-inch guns. She has a speed of fourteen knots an hour and carries a force of one hundred and thirty men.

Admiral Montojo's fleet consisted of twelve vessels. The Reina Cristina, the flagship, was an armored cruiser of three thousand and ninety tons; she was launched at Ferrol in 1887. She had a single screw, was two hundred and eighty feet long, forty-three feet in beam, had a mean draft of 15.5 feet and a speed of seventeen and a half knots. She carried an armament of six 6.2-inch Hontorio breech loaders, two 2.7-inch Hontorios, three six-pound, two four-pound, and six three-pound rapid fire guns, two machine guns and five torpedo tubes. She had a crew of three hundred and seventy men.

The Castilla was a wooden second-class cruiser, launched at Cadiz in 1881, and was bark rigged, with a single screw. Her length was two hundred and forty-six feet, her beam forty-six feet, her draft twenty-one feet, her displacement three thousand three hundred and forty-two tons and her speed fourteen knots. Her armament consisted of four 5.9-inch Krupp guns, two 4.7-inch Krupp guns, two 3.4-inch guns, two 2.9-inch Krupp guns, eight rapid-fire guns, four one-pound revolving cannon and two torpedo tubes. She carried three hundred men.

The Don Juan De Austria was an iron cruiser of the third class. She was launched at Trieste in 1875, had a displacement of one thousand one hundred and thirty tons, a length of two hundred and ten feet, beam of thirty-two feet, draft of twelve feet six inches and a speed of fourteen knots. She carried an armored belt of from four to eight inches thick and nine and a half feet broad. Her armament consisted of four 4.7-inch Hontorio breech loaders, two 2.7-inch breech loaders twelve three-pound quick firers, four one-pound revolving cannon, five machine guns and four torpedo tubes. Her central batteries and bulkheads were shielded and her deck was protected. She carried a crew of one hundred and seventy-three men.

The Don Antonio de Ulloa was a third-class unprotected cruiser. She was launched at Carraca in 1887. She was an iron single-screw vessel, two hundred and ten feet long, thirty-two feet beam, with a draft of twelve and a half feet, a displacement of one thousand one hundred and fifty-two tons and a speed of fourteen knots an hour. Her armament consisted of four 4.7-inch Hontorio breech loaders, and five six-pound Krupp rapid firers. She carried a crew of one hundred and seventy-three men.

The Velasco was a small cruiser of the old type,

launched at Blackwall in 1881. She was of iron, with one screw, a length of two hundred and ten feet, a beam of thirty-two, a draft of thirteen feet, a tonnage of one thousand one hundred and thirty-nine and a speed of fourteen knots. She carried three six-inch Armstrong breech loaders, two two-inch Hontorio guns and two machine guns. Her crew was one hundred and seventy-three men.

The Isla de Cuba and Isla de Luzon were sister ships. They were both laid down at Elswick in 1886 and launched in 1887. They were third-class protected cruisers with two screws and carried military tops. Their length was one hundred and eighty-five feet, their beam thirty feet, their mean draft eleven feet six inches, their displacement one thousand and forty tons and their speed fifteen knots. They were protected by steel deck plates and carried steel-clad conning towers. The armament of each consisted of six 4.7-inch Hontorio guns, four six-pound rapid-firing guns four one-inch Nordenfeldt machine guns and three torpedo tubes. They carried one hundred and sixty-four men each.

The Quiros and Villalobos were also sister ships, both launched at Hong Kong; the former in 1895 and the latter in 1896. They were gunboats of composite construction, single screw,

"BALTIMORE," U. S. N.

Protected Cruiser. Twin screw. Commissioned January 7th, 1890. 36 officers; 350 men.
Dimensions, 327 feet 6 inches by 48 feet 7½ inches; Draft, 19 feet 6 inches. Displacement, 4413 tons. Speed, 20 knots.
Main Battery, four 8 inch and six 6-inch breech loading rifles. Secondary Battery, four 6-pounder, two 3-pounder, and two 1-pounder rapid fire guns, four 37-millimetre Hotchkiss revolving cannon and two gatlings.

one hundred and forty-five feet long, and twenty-three feet beam. Their tonnage was three hundred and forty-seven and their speed twelve knots. They were each armed with two six-pound rapid firing guns, and two five-barrelled Nordenfeldt machine guns. Each had a crew of sixty.

The gunboats El Correo and General Lezo were likewise sister ships. They were twin-screw iron vessels of five hundred and twenty-four tons displacement, with engines of six hundred horse power. They were built respectively at Carraca and Cartagena in 1885. The El Correo was armed with three 4.7-inch Hontorio guns, two quick-fire guns, two machine guns and one torpedo tube. Her speed was ten knots. The General Lezo carried one 3.5-inch gun, had one machine gun and two torpedo tubes. The complement of each gunboat was ninety-eight men.

The Marques del Duero was a dispatch boat used as a gunboat. She was an iron twin-screw vessel of five hundred tons, was built at La Seyne in 1875, was one hundred and fifty-seven feet long and twenty-six feet in beam. Her speed was ten knots an hour. She carried one 6.2-inch muzzle loading Palliser rifle, two 4.7-inch smoothbores and a machine gun. Her complement was ninety-eight men.

Besides these the Spaniards had two transports

or troop ships, the Mindanao and the Manila, but these cannot be considered as active belligerents. The Mindanao, however, had two torpedo boats, which were heard from during the engagement and carried about one hundred and fifty men, although these troops took no part in the fight. Taking the three items of class, armament and complement the two fleets stood as follows:

AMERICAN FLEET.

Name.	Class.	Armament.	Men and Officers.
Olympia	Protected Cruiser	Four 8-in., ten 5-in., 24 R.F.	466
Baltimore	Protected Cruiser	Four 8-in., six 6-in., 10 R.F.	395
Boston	Par. Ptd. Cruiser	Two 8-in, six 6-in., 10 R.F.	272
Raleigh	Protected Cruiser	One 6-in., ten 5-in., 14 R.F.	295
Concord	Gunboat	Six 6-in., 9 R.F.	150
Petrel	Gunboat	Four 6-in., 7 R.F.	100
McCulloch	Revenue Cutter	Four 4-in.	130

SPANISH FLEET.

*Reina Cristina	Steel Cruiser	Six 6.2-in., two 2.7., 13 R.F.	370
Castilla	Wood Cruiser	Four 5.9, two 4.7, two 3.4,	
Don Antonio de Ulloa	Iron Cruiser	[two 2.9, 12 R.F.	300
		Four 4.7, 5 R.F.	173
Don Juan de Austria	Iron Cruiser	Four 4.7, two 2.7, 21 R.F.	173
Isla de Luzon	Steel Ptd. Cruiser	Six 4.7, 8 R.F.	164
Isla de Cuba	Steel Ptd. Cruiser	Six 4.7, 8 R.F.	164
Velasco	Iron Cruiser	Three 6-in., two 2.7, 2 R.F.	173
Marques del Duero	Gunboat	One 6.2, two 4.7, 1 R.F.	98
General Lezo	Gunboat	One 3.5, 1 R.F.	97
El Correo	Gunboat	Three 4.7, 4 R.F.	116
Quiros	Gunboat	4 R.F.	60
Villalobos	Gunboat	4 R.F.	60

Two torpedo boats and two transports.

In *résumé* the matter stood therefore as follows:

We had four cruisers, two gunboats, one cut-

* Flagship.

ter, fifty-seven classified big guns; seventy-four rapid firers and machine guns and one thousand eight hundred and eight men.

Against us were pitted seven cruisers, five gunboats, two torpedo boats; fifty-two classified big guns; eighty-three rapid firers and machine guns, and one thousand nine hundred and forty-eight men.

It cannot be denied that we had a greater number of heavy guns and that our ships were of modern construction, nor must it be overlooked that the Spanish fleet was much more numerous and that it had the immense assistance of protecting ports manned with strong garrisons and mounting an unknown number of guns, of whose caliber and force we had been told most terrifying things.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST ROUND.

It was with barely steerage way that, with the United States flag flying at all our mastheads, with drums beating to quarters, and having sailed some seventeen miles up the bay, our fleet, as soon as it had sighted the Spaniards, passed in a broad curve to the east side of the bay. Then, with the Olympia leading, we curved around the Manila water front; again turned and headed for a sailing line exactly parallel to the line of Montojo's fleet.

It might have been that Montojo for one wild moment imagined that it was the Commodore's intention to put out of the bay again, on the conclusion that he had run into a stronger foe than he had anticipated. If so, the Don was soon to be most dreadfully disillusioned.

The Commodore's plan—and from first to last he followed it out with a grim and steadfast precision that made every man in the fleet as grim and deliberate—the Commodore's plan of action was simply this: The detour to the east was in

order to drop the supply ships at a careful distance and then to sweep around with sufficient way to have good sailing past the enemy. Each of the ships was to hold her fire until within certain effective distance; to pour in every available shot as she passed the enemy's fleet and forts; to wheel as soon as she had passed out of effective distance; to steam past the forts and fleet on a return line, but closer inshore than on the first line of attack; to wheel again as soon as she had passed out of effective range and to keep thus wheeling and passing and firing until the forts were silenced and the fleet was smashed, or until a signal of recall was floated. As we passed on the eastward curve before actually beginning the engagement, our lookouts reported that Admiral Montojo's flag was flying on the cruiser Reina Cristina. They reported also that the Spaniards appeared to be protected by a sort of roughly constructed boom of logs. I could distinguish no steam up and it occurred to me that the Spanish admiral's idea was that our ships would be drawn up opposite his and that the fight would be carried on as a sort of brigade engagement, each man to stand his ground until shot down. If so, he was once more woefully disillusioned. The Commodore's idea was an engagement of evolution. I understand that in

the official reports sent to Madrid it was stated, with the true Spanish process of extracting self-adulation out of a bad job, that Montojo had "forced the American fleet to manœuvre frequently." It is the one joke of the tragedy.

As we steamed slowly along then, after dropping the supply ships there came a spit of flame and a boom from the bastions of Cavite, followed immediately by another flame spit and a sharper report from one of the Spanish flagship's modern guns. Both shots dropped somewhere in the bay and our only answer was in sending up a string of flags bearing the code watchword "Remember the Maine." Not exactly our only answer either; for as the flags fluttered out the whole fleet roared, but it was not the roar of guns, it was the concerted yelp of the sea dogs that knew their time for vengeance was at hand.

On steamed the fleet, with every gun loaded and every man at his post; but not a lanyard was pulled. Even the Spaniards at Cavite ceased firing as we moved down toward Manila. As we rounded past the city's water-front, with about four miles of blue water between us and it, we could with our glasses make out the city walls, church towers, and other high places, crowded with sightseers. I heard afterward that a number of these sightseers drove down to Cavite to see the

Yankees blown out of the water. I never heard how they got back. The battery on the Luneta mole paid us a little more attention and sent three shells at us. They must have been from large guns, for the projectiles screamed far overhead and fell miles beyond us. Here again it was the impatient Concord that replied and she sent two of her shells hurtling toward the fort.

The Commodore, however, sent up a signal to hold fire as he had no idea of battering down the city yet. As we turned from Manila the Commodore said something about the picturesqueness of the city, adding that the blue hills to the back of the town reminded him of those of Vermont. It was most unaffectedly said and was no more tinged with bravado than was Captain Wildes' use of a palm-leaf fan during the engagement. Captain Wildes used the fan because he felt hot, and heaven knows it was one of the hottest Sunday mornings that I ever remember; and the Commodore spoke of the Luzon hills as he did because they impressed him as they did. From the first to the last the Commodore never for one instant changed his demeanor, which was always that of a man who had a duty to do and who went about it with the plain, everyday determination to do that duty. As we headed toward the Spanish fleet their gunners and those

of the forts began a right merry fusillade. There was a good deal of the booming roar that showed the presence of old guns, but there was also a good deal of the sharper declamation that told us of modern rifles and of heavy work laid out for us.

So far as guns were concerned that would have been the fact had it not been that in this battle of Manila the value of the man behind the gun as a fighting factor was pre-eminent. With all this thundering and snapping of the Spaniards, however, there was no answer from us; the turrets were silent and each sponson was unsmoked. Up went the signal, "Hold your fire until close in," and on went the squadron. Suddenly something happened. Close off the bow of the Baltimore there came a shaking of the bay and a geyser of mud and water. Then right ahead of the Raleigh came another ugly fountain of harbor soil and water.

We were among the mines at last.

No notice whatever was taken of the fact. No change of course was ordered; no special word of command was given and though each man of us, I suppose, took a tooth grip of the lower lip and had no idea of how many seconds lay between him and kingdom come, I can state it as a fact that the only remarks I heard made were

such natural ones as "Torpedoes at last," or "Now we'll get it."

But we did not get it, for these two upheavals marked the extent of our experience with the "terrible mines" of Manila bay. Still the roar and snap of the Spanish ships and forts kept on as they had ever since ten minutes past five, with the short cessation while we were opposite Manila, and still, with the exception of the Concord's evidence of impatience, we had not begun to fight. The Commodore, his chief of staff Commander Lamberton, the executive officer Lieutenant Reese and the navigator, were on the forward bridge. Captain Gridley was in the conning tower. With a glance at the shore the Commodore turned to the officer next to him and said "About five thousand yards I should say, eh, Reese?"

"Between that and six thousand, I should think, sir," Reese answered.

The Commodore then leaned over the railing and called out:

"When you are ready you may fire, Gridley."

Captain Gridley evidently was ready, for it was at eighteen minutes and thirty-five seconds of six o'clock when the Commodore gave the order to fire, and it was at eighteen minutes and thirty-four seconds of six o'clock when the floor

of the bridge sprang up beneath our feet as the port eight-inch gun of our forward turret gave its introductory roar. Our first aim was at the center of the Spanish fleet, the Olympia's shot being particularly directed, as a sort of international mark of courtesy, to the Reina Cristina. About coincidental with the Commodore's polite intimation to Captain Gridley, he ordered the signal run up for the ships astern, "Fire as convenient."

As our turret gun rang out, the Baltimore and Boston took up the chorus, their forward guns pitching in two-hundred-and-fifty-pound shells. The reply of the Spaniards was simply terrific. Their ship and shore guns seemed to unite in one unending snap and roar, while the scream of their shot, the bursting of shells, made up a din that was as savage as it was unceasing. It was, however, but as the scraping of fiddle strings to the blare and crash of a full orchestra when compared with that which was to follow.

One wailing, shrieking shell was making straight for the Olympia's forward bridge when it exploded about a hundred feet in front of us, one fragment sawing the rigging just over our heads. Another fragment chiselled a long splinter from the deck just under where the Commodore stood, a third smashed the bridge gratings,

and all around and about and above us there was the sputter and shriek and roar of projectiles.

But the miracle was that none of us was hit. Through this hail of miraculously impotent steel we steered until within a distance of four thousand yards of the Spanish column.

"Open with all the guns," said the Commodore, and they were opened. That is, all on the port broadside. The eight-inchers roared and the five-inch rapid firers spluttered and cracked, and soon the Baltimore was booming away, then the Raleigh, then the Boston and Concord and finally the Petrel, as busy and earnest in the management of her long popguns as though the very issue of the fight depended on her.

By the time the Petrel had passed the Spaniards, the Olympia had swung around on her return line of attack and once more we were steaming past Montojo with our starboard guns flaming, roaring, spitting and smoking as we went. As we passed, the batteries on shore and the Spanish batteries afloat banged away at us, fighting gallantly and furiously. One shot went clean through the Baltimore, but hit no one. Another struck just outside the wardroom but did not even dent the ship's side. Another cut the signal halyards from Lieutenant Brumbuy's hands on the after bridge; Ensign Dodridge's

stateroom on board the Boston was wrecked by a shell which entered the fore quarter and started a fire, while another fire was started by a shell which burst in the port hammock netting. Another shell passed through the Boston's foremast not far from where Captain Wildes was on the bridge.

On the third turn the Raleigh was caught in a strong insetting current and was carried plump into the bows of two Spanish cruisers. Instead of sending her to the bottom, the enemy's ships seemed to be positively useless, so taking advantage of her nearness, the Raleigh sent in a couple of raking fires before she steamed back into place. Captain Coghlan and Lieutenant Singer spoke of it afterward as the picnic of the engagement.

It was on the third turn, too, that the great naval duel between the two flagships took place.

When we sighted the Spanish fleet, I remarked, it will be remembered, that the enemy seemed to have no steam up and that the fleet seemed to lie behind a breakwater. As we came closer to them, however, we saw more clearly the scheme of their order. Put out your right hand with the thumb extended; call the thumb the Cavite spit and the space between the thumb and the forefinger Cavite Bay. Manila lies about where the nail of the forefinger is. The town of

Cavite lies in the pocket of the thumb and forefinger, and the thumb's nail stands for the main Cavite batteries, four in number. Put a pencil halfway across from the thumb's nail to the root joint of the forefinger and it will stand for the Cavite arsenal with its boom extension. Behind this boom lay the gunboats of the Spanish fleet, while in front of it, facing Manila Bay, were the Spanish cruisers.

They lay anchored while we made our first and second parallels of attack, but by the time we were sweeping up on the third course their stokers had made such hurry work that the smoke poured out of the Reina Cristina's smokestacks; there was a fleece of white gathered about the steam pipe, and the flagship moved out to the attack. She gallantly stood for the Olympia and it looked as though it was her intention to ram us. The Commodore passed the word to concentrate all possible fire on the Reina Christina, and she actually shivered under the battering of our storm of shot and shell. Rents appeared near her waterline where the eight-inch shells had torn their way. One shot struck the port bridge on which Admiral Montojo stood, upon which, like the brave man he was, the admiral coolly stepped to the other end.

But no bravery could stand the driving, crush-

ing, rending of the tons of steel which we poured into the Cristina, and there was quite a little cheer from our forward men as the Spanish flagship slowly turned and made for the shore. But appreciation of courage on the part of the enemy did not prevent our gunners from also appreciating the excellent opportunity which the retreating flagship gave us for a raking shot. As she got into her swing with the stern dead toward us, one of Captain Gridley's guns thundered, and an eight-inch shell struck the enemy as squarely in the center as though she had been painted off in target squares. It was a bull's-eye, so marvelous in its exactness and so terrible in its effects that I cannot help speaking of it a little more at length.

We saw from where we stood that it shattered the Cristina's steering gear, and, unless our eyes very much deceived us, we saw, too, that the Spaniard was actually driven forward with a shivering motion like one prize fighter sent in catapult fashion staggering into the ropes from the fist blow of another prize fighter. From what we learned then, and from what we learned afterward, I am convinced that no man in the squadron had up to that time any idea of the awfully destructive possibilities of the eight-incher. The projectile weighed two hundred

and fifty pounds, and one hundred and fifty pounds of powder were used to expel it. The gun itself was about twenty-eight feet long. When it left Gridley's gun the shell traveled at the rate of two thousand feet a second. The distance between the Olympia and the Reina Cristina was about two thousand five hundred yards, and the time between the shot's leaving the muzzle of our gun and its impact on the stern of the Spanish ship was the scarcely appreciable one of five seconds.

When it left our gun it had what is technically known as an energy of eight thousand and eleven hundred foot-tons; that is, it would have gone through twenty-one and a half inches of Harveyized steel. But the Reina Cristina was an unarmored vessel and all that enormous penetrative energy was expended on the Spanish cruiser's protected sides and such internal resistance as partitions, bulkheads, engines, etc. It was through all these obstructions that the great shell tore its way until it reached the aft boiler. There it exploded and as it did so ripped up the deck of the cruiser and scattered its hail of steel in all directions. We could see the smoke pouring out of the vessel, the gush of escaping steam and the shower of splinters and mangled bodies.

That one shot practically disabled the Spanish

flagship, while in the whole duel between the Cristina and the Olympia sixty of the Spanish crew were killed including the chaplain and first lieutenant. It was small wonder she retreated.

Every time we swung round the ellipse line of attack and brought our broadside to bear on the Spanish fleet our eight-inch guns perforated the enemy's protected decks and sides with all the ease and accuracy imaginable. For such a range and for such an engagement the eight-inch gun was exactly what was needed.

It was during the frightful hubbub of the duel between the admiral and the Commodore that two gunboats belonging to the Mindanao and acting as torpedo boats crept out from behind the Cavite pier and started in to do desperate deeds. One stole out along the shore, then turned and made for the supply ships, while the other headed for the Olympia. The Petrel was sent after the first and after a sharp bark or two from her four-pounders, the Spaniard evidently gave up the job and made for the shore. The Petrel made after her and while the Spanish crew clambered over their boat's sides and on to the beach and up into the underbrush, the Petrel turned her rapid-fire guns on their craft and literally blew her to pieces.

The other torpedo boat, which was bound to

"PETREL," U. S. N.

Gunboat. Single screw. Commissioned December 10th, 1889. 10 officers; 122 men.
Dimensions, 176 feet 3 inches by 31 feet; Draft, 11 feet 7 inches. Displacement, 892 tons. Speed, 12 knots.
Main Battery, four 6-inch breech-loading rifles. Secondary Battery, two 3-pounder and one 1-pounder rapid fire guns, two 37-millimetre Hotchkiss revolving cannon and two gatlings.

destroy our flagship, made a better fight. Our secondary battery was concentrated on her, but still she kept on until within five hundred yards, and matters were beginning to look serious for us. Then the machine guns in the tops began to treat her to a hailstorm and this proved too much for this representative of Spanish naval daring. She turned tail, and as she did so the same fate that befell the Reina Cristina on her retreat overtook this gunboat. A shell struck her just inside the stern railing, exploded, and the gunboat dipped suddenly in the middle, her stern and bow rose as suddenly in the air, and she disappeared.

While the Olympia was attending to the Reina Cristina the Baltimore directed her particular attention to the Castilla, and before our vessel had sent in her last gun from the aft turret the Spaniard was in flames from stem to stern. It was this sudden blaze of the Castilla that led to the Spanish report of our use of petroleum bombs. It is scarcely necessary to say that it was solely due to the explosion of modern shells in an antiquated wooden boat.

Backward and forward we went twice more, each time drawing nearer to the devoted Spanish fleet, and as each of our vessels came into action the same manœuvre was repeated. First the for-

ward guns, then the broadside, port or starboard, as it might be, and lastly, the stern chasers as each vessel passed and gave place to the following ship. The firing of our broadsides was distinguished by a well-defined crash that came as regularly as clockwork, while the fire of the Spanish ships and forts produced a continuous roll and rattle. But with all this unbroken roar from the enemy afloat and ashore, none of our ships was seen to stagger or draw off, and when we were near enough to be well in range of the Spanish small guns and fighting tops, still the American line of ships went on with its deadly work as uninterruptedly as though it had been a railroad train running on a strict schedule time through a grove of yokels armed with putty blowers.

After passing five times in front of the enemy and the men having been at their blazing work for two uninterrupted hours the Commodore concluded that it would be well to call a halt. By this time the smoke of the engagement was hanging so thick along the shore and over the water that not only was it almost impossible to distinguish ship or fort except by a gray mass and the sputter of flame, but we were so smoke-encompassed that it was next to an impossibility to see any signals.

"What time is it, Reese?" asked the Commodore.

"Seven forty-five, sir."

"Breakfast time," said the Commodore with an odd smile; "run up the signals for 'cease firing' and to follow me."

With that the Olympia's bows were set for a run to the eastern side of the bay where the storeships lay. As we swung out the Spaniards gave a cheer. Badly used up as they were there was lots of fight in them yet and they possibly imagined as they saw our line forming to withdraw that the fight was over. So, too, might the Manila gunners on the Luneta fort have done for as we passed them they let fly with their Krupp guns.

"No reply, I suppose, sir?" said Lamberton, looking meaningly over to the forward turret, while the men at the five-inch guns were cocking their eyes inquisitively up at the bridge.

"Oh, no," said the Commodore, "let them amuse themselves if they will. We will have plenty of opportunity to burn powder. We haven't begun fighting yet."

And so it proved, for dreadful as these two hours had been for the Spaniards they were mild in their results compared to that which was to come. We had but concluded the first round.

CHAPTER V.

ALL HANDS PIPED TO BREAKFAST.

No sooner had we reached the anchorage ground beside the transport ships than the Commodore called all the commanders on board to report. Then it was that the wonder of it came to pass.

Not a ship disabled.

Not a gun out of order.

Not a man killed.

Not a man injured.

It seemed absolutely impossible, but it was the fact. There were, it is true, some rents in the rigging, some gashes in the upper works, and some scratches along the decks of the ships; a few of the men were scratched and bruised by tumbling over lines and buckets, but that was all. I say again, it seemed incredible that this should have been the result to us in that awful two hours' fight, while to the Spaniards it had meant such destruction and desolation. Captain after captain reported to the Commodore in the same strain.

"All in good shape, sir," reported Captain Wildes of the Boston, "except that it was very hot."

"Men tired and ship a little scratched," said Captain Dyer of the Baltimore.

"Everything all right and ready to resume business at a moment's notice," said Commander Walker of the Concord.

" 'Out of the jaws of death, out of the gates of Hell,' and only a little smoky from the trip," said Captain Coghlan of the Raleigh, who has his poets.

"Poor Randall died from heart-disease as we were passing Corregidor," reported Captain Hodgson, "but that is the extent of our casualties." Frank B. Randall was the engineer of the McCulloch and had long been subject to heart-disease. The suppressed excitement of running the gauntlet of the entrance forts in the dark, and the heat of the McCulloch's engine-room, proved too much for him, and he died quite suddenly. His death, however, can in no way be listed as a fatality of the engagement.

There were many stories told of miraculous escapes. A shell entered the Boston's wardroom in which Paymaster Martin sat. He swears that the missile was making straight for him and that it exploded within five feet of him. It partially

wrecked the wardroom, but not a fragment struck Martin.

Down in the wardroom of the Olympia the surgeon's operating table had been set out, waiting for the subjects that never came. Chaplain Frazier was down there waiting to comfort or administer the last rites to the wounded or dying heroes who never materialized. Growing tired of waiting for these the chaplain stuck his head out of one of the six-pounder gun ports, when a shell struck the ship's side some three feet away. Mr. Frazier drew his head back with the rapidity of a galvanized turtle and so preserved us our representative of the Church Militant. And so on.

Funny little finger-points of character were thrown out here and there. We heard, for instance, that one lieutenant of the Baltimore, who was rather a good young man, too, was heard softly swearing to himself the most extravagant and outlandish oaths possible, all the time we were stealing up the bay; another sang the first four bars of "Sweet Marie" over and over again with a persistency that was maddening; while brave old Howard of the Concord put a shade over his electric light and read his Bible by it while entering the Boca Grande.

We learned also in this exchange of facts and

ideas that among the men the general impression prevailed that we were going to have a battle in the dark, with all its shadowy dangers of firing at friend or foe. When the real spectacular programme broke on them, the deck officers said the relief of the men was positively touching. It should be remembered that most of the fellows had never been under fire, but when once the battle did begin. they, despite the fever of fight that was burning in their veins, acted with the precision of veterans. Once in it they did not want to stop. Down on our decks we could hear subdued groans, the broad sense of which was, "Oh, let's finish it up," but when the news spread that the Commodore was only taking wind between the rounds, it was no longer possible to restrain them, nor for a moment or two was there any attempt to exact the strict enforcement of discipline. All over the decks the Jackies could be seen slapping each other on the back, shaking hands and doing a few steps of hornpipe, and this I verily believe not because there was not a man missing from any mess, but because they were going to fight again.

There was need, however, for the interlude. As I have said the smoke of battle had grown so thick that signals could not be seen, and the Commodore had no idea of letting anything in-

terfere with his programme. He had started out to destroy the Spanish fleet and he was going to do it. It was turning out to be an easier task than he had anticipated, and having rattled his antagonist in the first round, he quietly concluded that there was no occasion to rush matters, and that as the men had been fighting on a single cup of coffee all round and it was a hot morning, it was just as well to haul off a little while for needed refreshment. To be sure it gave the enemy also a breathing spell, but the Commodore was too generous a fighter to begrudge them that. Besides it was a positive mercy to the men in the turrets.

It had been bad enough for us; breathing the powder smoke; clinging to the railings as the ship shivered and shook after each discharge; exposed, of course, to the enemy's fire and scampering back and forward as occasion required, but we were in the open and could, in a degree, see what was going on. So, too, could the men behind the shield guns; because, notwithstanding precautionary orders, as the fight proceeded the Jackies persisted in running out to watch the effect of their shots and to see generally how things were getting along. But think what it must have been for the men in the turrets. Take for instance the forward turret of the

Olympia on that broiling hot Sunday morning in the tropics.

In the turret were the two eight-inch guns and twelve Yankee gunners, guns and men occupying about every available inch of space. Above them and between the guns rose the platform of the conning tower where Captain Gridley and his assistant perched. The roar of the guns with their ear-splitting concussions, and the occasional crash of a Spanish shell on the turret, and the hard, hard work of manning the guns in that confined and vibrating air, make up a combination of trials of which the man who has not experienced it can form no possible idea.

Would you like to know what it is that the man behind a turret gun has to do? The turret crew is mustered six for each gun, captain, plugman, loader, sponger, liftman, and shellman. Each man knows exactly what his duties are and has been drilled and drilled into them until he has become an automaton—but an automaton only so far as his actions are concerned, for back of and urging on these lies the great, brave, fighting heart of the man. The crew is kept on deck up to the very last instant before entering the turret and when once there, not a word except that of the division officer is heard. The twelve half-naked men stand like statues beside the great machines of death.

The order "Cast loose and provide" is heard and the twelve machines spring into action. The breech is opened, elevating gear inspected, lashings cast off, loading trays inspected, firing locks prepared, slides placed, priming wires correctly disposed, and all of the delicate paraphernalia that make up a modern gun, inspected.

Again the men become twelve machines and the order "Load" is given. Up from the magazine is hauled the projectile and placed on the loading tray. The great shell is pushed home and by the time this is done the powder load has been placed behind it. Gas checks and screw locks are adjusted, the breech is locked home, the primer inserted, the lanyard hooked and the lock cocked.

Then comes the sighting, the man for this duty being one of selection. Sometimes there is a man on ship who can point one of these monster guns with the accuracy of a Texas ranger, and can do nothing else well. Sometimes it is an officer who has a good eye, but in every case the man at the sight thinks himself, and is the pivot man of the engagement. The order to "Fire" rings out, the lanyard is pulled and the thunderbolt is on its way.

Six shots a minute blazed out of the Olympia's turret; the powder smoke poured through the

"BOSTON," U. S. N.

Protected Cruiser. Single Screw. Commissioned May 2d, 1887. 19 officers; 265 men.
Dimensions, 271 feet 3 inches by 42 feet 1¼ inches. Displacement 3000 tons. Speed, 15½ knots.
Main Battery, six 6-inch and two 8-inch breech loading rifles. Secondary Battery, two 6-pounder, two 3-pounder, and two 1-pounder rapid fire guns, two 47 and two 37-millimetre Hotchkiss revolving cannon and two gatlings.

portholes in a choking smeach; with each discharge the turret shook and rocked as though in an earthquake; the air was shaken with a continuous crash and thunder; but through it all the orders "Sponge," "Load," "Point," "Fire," went on and the twelve reeking, choking, quivering men went on, with their labors—labors that chipped off a year of each man's life every instant. No wonder that when the first round was over the turret-men crept out into the open like so many victims of a colliery explosion—blackened, gasping, air-beating things. All honor, then, to "the men behind the guns."

Preparations for the second round were conducted in the most business-like fashion. The Commodore had decided on three hours' rest, and this being ample time for all the preparatory work needed there was no hurry, nor was there any waste. First of all, all hands were piped to breakfast. It was a hearty, cheery feast, and while I am not historian enough to have the details of every great combat at my pen's point, it strikes me that this deliberate hauling off and sitting down to breakfast in the middle of a sea-fight, with the calm knowledge that the other fellow would not, or could not interrupt it, and that when we had finished and the dishes were all cleared away we could start in anew and finish

up the job, stands as a situation unique in the chronicles of maritime warfare. Here were two fleets in deadly opposition. Between the fleets there was a fight in progress on whose upshot the history of two nations in the Orient depended. One fleet lay over in the shelter of forts that were still a fighting force, with confusion aboard and a desperate outlook ahead; while the other fleet lay over here, just out of range, unconcernedly eating breakfast.

Breakfast being over there was a general clean-up of men, decks and guns, the ammunition rooms were refilled, fleet orders issued and the engines inspected.

"Everything all right, Lamberton?" asked the Commodore.

"Everything, I believe, sir," replied Lamberton.

"Very well. Call to quarters and get under way."

The boatswains' whistles and the marine drums shrilled and dubbed. And at 10:45 every man was at his post and we were off for the second round.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SECOND ROUND.

Before Captain Nehemiah M. Dyer of the Baltimore went over the ship's side to his launch I noticed that he was talking very earnestly to the Commodore. These two had been friends for many years. Both New Englanders, both graduates in the hard school of experience. Dyer had never been to Annapolis, but he had served on land and sea. He had shown during the Civil War what wonderfully effective things could be done by a fleet of gunboats and though no academician was as good a fighter as the president of any Board of Strategy. The talk between the two men ended with a nod of acquiescence on the part of the Commodore followed by a handshake. Captain Dyer had not reached his ship before we knew what the subject of the conversation had been and what its result. For, turning to his flag officer, the Commodore instructed him to run up the signals that the Baltimore would lead in the second round.

The programme for the second act of the

tragedy,—and here again everything was laid down with the exactness of a time table,—was that we were to finish up the enemy's fleet, taking one ship after another, and then attend to the forts. Again we sailed around to the Manila channel, and as we drew near the Spaniards we saw that the Cristina, the Castilla, and the transport Mindanao, which latter had been beached about midway between Cavite and Manila, were all ablaze, and that their crews were busy as so many ants trying to put out the flames.

The condition of the Spanish flagship was most pitiable. Her duel with the Olympia, and the raking which she had received when turning to seek cover, I have described. Every attempt had been made during the breathing spell to put her into some sort of shape, but evidently without success; for before we had commenced firing the second time we saw Admiral Montojo transferring his flag from the Cristina to the Isla de Cuba. Others saw it also, and from the McCulloch came her launch shooting and snipping through the bay and making for the Olympia. She had on board Lieutenants Calkins and Nelson, who came with the petition to the Commodore that he would allow them to make a dash for the admiral's gig and capture the Spaniard in transit. The Commodore, however, had to

refuse, as he knew that should such an attempt be made every Spanish gun would be turned upon the launch and she would simply be blown out of the water.

The Baltimore, following Captain Dyer's straight-to-the-point tactics, headed for the Cristina and Austria. As she came within range she caught all of the Spanish fire that was left on board those two ships. It seemed that in their desperation the Spaniards fired better at this time than they had in the earlier morning, for one of the foreigner's shells exploded on the Baltimore's deck wounding five men with the splinters. No reply came from the Baltimore. A few minutes passed and another shell plunked on the Baltimore's decks, and three other men were hit. Still the Baltimore did not reply. Shells plunged about her until she seemed plowing through a park of fountains. Then, when she reached about a three-thousand-yard range, she swung and poured a broadside into the Reina Cristina. I really believe that every shot must have told, for the former flagship seemed literally to crumble at the discharge. The smoke clouds hid everything for a minute or two, but when they lifted we saw the Cristina blow up, and the waters about her beaten with a rain of descending fragments and men. Under that shrieking,

roaring discharge of the Baltimore's, Captain Cadarso and many of his men were killed. When the rain of her fragments had ceased the Cristina settled and sank, the remainder of her crew jumping overboard and swimming for the nearest consort.

The Spanish navy being less the Cristina, the Baltimore then turned her attention to the San Juan de Austria, the Olympia and Raleigh steaming up to complete the destruction in as mercifully brief a time as possible. The three cruisers poured a continuous stream of deadly steel into the Spaniard, which rocked under the smashing. The Spaniard replied as best she might, but in the midst of it all there came a roar that drowned all previous noises. A shell from the Raleigh had struck the Spaniard's magazine and exploded it. Up shot the Austria's decks in the flaming volcano, and so terrific was the explosion that the flying fragments of the cruiser actually tore away all the upper works of the gunboat El Correo which lay beside her. The Austria was a sinking wreck and El Correo was so nearly one that as a *coup de grace* the Petrel steamed up close to the Spanish gunboat and put her out of misery and existence.

A gunboat, which we learned afterward was the General Lezo, had been quite active during

the cannonade on the Don Juan de Austria, and Commander Walker of the Concord, seeing this, turned his attention to the small Spaniard, and with a few well-directed shells soon silenced her. She made for the shore, but before she had reached it was ablaze, her crew taking to the water.

The cruisers Velasco and Castilla were the next of the enemy's ships to be wiped out. The Boston gave the Velasco special attention, Captain Wildes, still fanning himself vigorously, swinging his ship around until he could give the Spaniard a broadside. When he had fired the Velasco listed heavily to port, showing the jagged rents in her starboard side as she did so, then careened to the starboard and went down smoking, with barely time enough for her crew to throw over their boats and make for the shore. The Castilla had been set on fire in the first onslaught, and when the Concord and Baltimore poured their tremendous weight of shells into her, she was scuttled in order to prevent the magazine from exploding.

Every ship in the Spanish fleet, with one exception fought most valiantly, but to the Don Antonio de Ulloa and her commander Robion should be given the palm for that sort of desperate courage and spirit which leads a man to die

fighting. The flagship and Boston were the executioners. Under their shells the Ulloa was soon burning in half a dozen places; but her fighting crew gave no signs of surrender. Shot after shot struck the Spaniard's hull, until it was riddled like a sieve. Shell after shell swept her upper decks, until under the awful fire all of her upper guns were useless; but there was no sign of surrender. The main deck crew escaped, but the captain and his officers clung to their wreck. On the lower deck her gun crews stuck to their posts like the heroes they were. As shot after shot struck the shivering hulk, and still her lower guns answered back as best they might, it seemed as though it was impossible to kill her. At last we noticed her in the throes, that sickening unmistakable lurch of a sinking ship. Her commander noticed it, too; still there was no surrender. Instead, he nailed the Spanish ensign to what was left of the mast and the Don Antonio de Ulloa went down, not only with her colors flying, but also with her lower guns still roaring defiance. It was a brave death and I am sure ever man in the squadron would have liked to have shaken Commander Robion by the hand, Don though he be of the same nation that bred Weyler.

Just as the picture of the Ulloa's end is luridly

bright, so that of another ship is gloomily dark. For the sake of her gallant mates, this ship shall be nameless. She had hauled down her colors about the same time that the Ulloa had refused to do so and had gone down with them all a-flutter. A boat's crew from the McCulloch was signaled to go and take possession of this nameless ship, when to our amazement she opened fire on the approaching gig. The ensign stood up in the stern in open-mouthed wonder at such a piece of treachery, but kept his boat along her course. The incident had not passed unobserved by the squadron, however, and the Spaniard's fate was a swift one. There was no need for the Commodore to fly a signal, for it was as with a common impulse that every one of our vessels stopped firing at the enemy in general and directed every available shot at that Spaniard in particular. The bay leaped up and foamed around the traitorous vessel as though it had been struck by the whip end of a Texas tornado, and when the waters were at rest again the Spaniard had vanished as completely as though that tornado had carried her bodily into a neighboring State.

Of course there were other incidents in this resumption of the fight, which I have referred to as the second round, but as the firing grew faster

and more furious and as the smoke settled down again it was again almost impossible to distinguish exact and particular acts. Ship after ship was sunk or burned, until poor old Don Patricio Montojo y Parason, looking around him and seeing but the shattered and blackened remnants of his fleet, while on the Isla de Cuba the guns stood useless and the decks deserted, hauled down his colors and, together with the surviving Spaniards, hastily escaped from the sinking and burning hulk, admiral and officers alike leaving behind them all their personal property and valuables. Once on shore Montojo, with his staff, made the best of his way to Manila; in the company, I presume, of those who had driven out to see the sudden end of the Yankee.

The fleet having been disposed of, our vessels next turned their attention to the batteries, which still kept firing, notwithstanding Montojo's surrender. The most pertinacious of the forts was one low down on Sangley Point, which lies about opposite to the Cavite spit, and which was armed with two Hontorio guns, which I imagine must have been taken from the fleet. There were some pretty good gunners behind the Hontorios, one of the shells striking the Boston and another smashing the whaleboat of the Raleigh. We managed to cripple one of

"RALEIGH," U. S. N.

Protected Cruiser. Twin screw. Keel laid 1889. 20 officers; 293 men.
Dimensions, 300 feet by 42 feet; Draft, 18 feet. Displacement, 3213 tons. Speed, 19 knots.
Main Battery, one 6-inch gun and ten 5-inch rapid fire guns. Secondary Battery, eight 6-pounder and four 1-pounder rapid fire guns and eleven gatlings.

these guns, but it was not until the Raleigh had sailed in to about one thousand yards and had killed six of the gunners that the second was silenced.

One after the other of the remaining shore batteries was settled, and then at 12:45 came what may be called the knockout blow. The bastions of the Cavite forts had been crumbling under the shells of the Boston, Baltimore, and Concord, while the Raleigh, Olympia, and Petrel had been devoting themselves to the reduction of the arsenal. After half an hour's fight of this sort the Cavite gunners evidently became demoralized and began to fire wildly. Those guns left in position continued firing, however, until at their back there was a thunderous roar followed by a heart-shaking concussion. A shell from either the Olympia or the Petrel, and the honor is still a matter of dispute between Gunner Corcoran of the flagship and Gunner Vining of the gunboat, had landed in the arsenal magazine. With the upward rush of flames, fragments and dead, the heart of the Spaniard went out of him, a white flag was run up at the Cavite citadel and the battle of Manila was over.

Up went the Commodore's signals to "Cease firing," but before they could be read the Petrel had sent in what was the last shot of the battle.

Again the signal to sail back to the rendezvous was flown, but this time as we passed Manila the great Krupp guns at the Luneta fort were silent. Even those gunners had learned their lesson. When we reached the Nanshan and Zafiro, the Olympia halted and all the ships steamed slowly past her, with the men at quarters cheering and saluting. Then each ship fell in line and was saluted and cheered by the others and took its turn in cheering back, but when all were in line except the Petrel, and that perky little craft steamed by, the rest of the squadron so roared and yelled at her that Captain Wood blushed a fine purple under his tan, and all the Jackies of the gunboat strutted and bowed back like so many conquering heroes.

They deserved it all, for from first to last the little Petrel had been a David in the fight. The Commodore had noticed that three smaller vessels of the enemy were making up to the head of Cavite Bay and had signaled her with the Boston and Concord to go after them. The two cruisers had, however, found the waters of the inner harbor too shallow for them and had returned, but the Petrel with her light draft had been enabled to follow quite closely into shore. One of the small ships in there was the gunboat Marques del Duero, and getting the one-thousand-

yard range the Petrel fired at her with the swiftness and accuracy of a first-class target drill. The Duero having been disposed of, the little Petrel then took up the fate of the two gunboats, the Quiros and Villalobos. The Spaniards could not understand how one little gunboat could make things so desperately hot for them, and in order to solve the problem they scuttled and set fire to their boats and then went ashore to think it over.

It was the Petrel, too, that on returning from this little adventure ran across the store-ship Manila hiding behind a convenient wharf and captured her, the prize being valued at half a million dollars, including six hundred tons of coal.

Again the commanders were called over to the flagship and again stock was taken. Again came the reports: not a gun overthrown, not a vessel disabled, not a man killed. There was not so much of the ecstatic on the receipt of this second series of reports as there had been on the receipt of the first. We were getting used to it—getting accustomed to this laying out of the other party without receiving a scratch. Scarcely that, however, for the two shots that had struck the Baltimore had wounded two officers and six men. Lieutenant F. W. Kellogg, Ensign U. E.

Erwin, and the enlisted men Barlow, Budinger, Covert, O'Keefe, Recciardilli and Snelgrove constituted our list of wounded, but their injuries were so slight that not one of them would stay in the sick-bay. As it was, six out of these eight were literally wounded by our own ammunition, for the first Spanish shell that struck the Baltimore exploded a box of three-pound ammunition, and it was the flight of these that knocked our men down.

And on the Spanish side it had been a defeat that was as crushing and fatal as our victory had been decisive and easy. The first round had meant confusion and dismay to the Spaniards; the second round had brought them extinction, annihilation. The Spanish fleet had indeed been destroyed. The fate of the Spanish fleet, together with their commanders, in list form, is as follows:

CRUISERS.

Reina Cristina, Captain Cadarso, sunk.

Castilla, Captain Martin de Olivia, sunk and burned.

Don Antonio de Ulloa, Commander Robion, sunk and burned.

Don Juan de Austria, Commander Concha, burned.

Isla de Luzon, Commander Barreto, burned.

Isla de Cuba, Commander Rigalado, burned.
Velasco, Captain Reboul, burned and sunk.

GUNBOATS.

Marques del Duero, Captain Morens, burned.
General Lezo, Captain Beneveste, burned.
El Correo, Captain Eccudero, burned.
Quiros and Villalobos, scuttled and set on fire by the Spaniards.

TRANSPORTS.

Mindanao, run ashore to save from sinking—burned.
Manila, captured.

The two gunboats which were destroyed belonged to the transport Mindanao. And in addition to this list there were some small steamers which were scuttled by the Spaniards and whose names are yet unknown. The loss of life on the Spanish side will also remain unknown for some time at least, I imagine. At first we heard that one hundred and thirty were killed and ninety wounded on board the flagship, chiefly in her duel with the Olympia; that when the Cavite arsenal exploded it killed forty, and that altogether there were about one thousand killed and wounded. Montojo's estimate as reported to Governor-General Augusti was:

On the ships.	In the forts.
Killed, 400	24
Wounded, 60	150
460	174

The monetary loss to Spain must have been many millions,—I hear it placed at from $6,000,000 to $10,000,000—but more than all was the fact that in losing this battle she lost the control of the Philippines and her position as the mistress of an Asiatic colony.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Though the fight was won much remained to be done, and the Commodore set about doing that in the same quiet, matter-of-fact way that had characterized his conduct of the victory. We knew that the people at Washington would be anxious to know the result of the expedition and that there was a cable landing at Manila over which, we felt confident, Augusti was crowding messages to Madrid giving his version of the affair. After the second rest, therefore, the Commodore sent word to the governor-general by the British consul who had come to visit us, that Manila was in a state of blockade; that he, the Commodore, proposed to occupy Cavite; that if a single shot were fired against his ships he would destroy every battery around the bay; and that unless he were allowed to use the cable he would cut it. The cable people were willing to transmit our messages, but the governor-general ordered the officials neither to receive nor transmit anything from us. Accordingly

the Commodore cut the cable on Monday afternoon, and cut it, too, just as a message was being sent by Augusti that the Spanish fleet had been "disabled," and that "the Americans had withdrawn to bury their dead."

We took a rest on Sunday evening, but Monday was a busy day for us. Early in the morning a tug came steaming up the bay, bearing a flag of truce from the commandant of Corregidor. Accompanying the flag of truce was an offer from the commandant to surrender. The tug was sent over to the Baltimore with instructions to steam ahead and the cruiser was dispatched to take possession of the entrance forts or to blow them into the air at the least sign of treachery or resistance. There was no necessity for this precaution, for when Corregidor was reached the commandant was found alone, his men having deserted and the guns having been overthrown.

About the same time Commander Lamberton was ordered to go and take possession of Cavite arsenal. It was decided to use the Petrel for this work, and the gunboat ran in to about five hundred yards and then halted in amaze. The white flag had been hoisted on Sunday afternoon following the explosion of the magazine, it will be remembered, and Lamberton naturally

imagined that this had indicated an unconditional surrender. Instead of a deserted place, however, he saw that the landing was crowded with armed sailors. In view of this new situation the Petrel's guns were trained on the arsenal, and Lamberton, together with Wood of the Petrel, took a launch for the landing place and left instructions that unless they returned in an hour the gunboat was to open on the arsenal. When Lamberton and Wood landed they were met by Captain Sostoa of the Spanish navy, who informed Lamberton that in the absence of the admiral, who had retired to Manila, he was in command. The armed Spanish sailors closed around the party and our men and Sostoa marched to the arsenal headquarters.

"May I ask, captain," said Lamberton, "why your men are under arms after yesterday's surrender?"

"There was no surrender," replied Sostoa.

This answer made Lamberton think pretty quickly and he began to see that there were more ramifications to the Spanish character than he had dreamed of.

"But," said he, "the white flag was hoisted."

"Yes," replied Sostoa, "but not as a surrender, only as a token of truce during which we

might remove our women and children to a place of safety."

"But, captain," said Lamberton, as evenly as he could, "an arsenal is not exactly the place for women and children in times of war. They should have been removed before the bombardment began."

"Ah, well, you see," said Captain Sostoa, with a shrug of deprecation, "you Americans came in to visit us at such an extremely early hour that we had no time to remove our women and children. If you had begun the fight at a less unreasonable hour——"

"Excuse me, captain," said Lamberton, who was beginning to feel the heat of the morning, "you fired the first shot. But there is no use talking of past events, nor is it my place to do so. I am sent here as the representative of Commodore Dewey of the United States Asiatic Squadron to take possession of this arsenal, and my further instructions are that all Spaniards, whom I find here, must surrender their arms and persons as prisoners of war. If this is not done, and done quickly, the engagement will be renewed."

To this direct message Sostoa evasively replied that he could do nothing without consulting his superior, and upon Lamberton's telling him that

he, Sostoa, would be regarded as sufficiently representative, the elusive captain requested that the terms of surrender might be put down in writing. Lamberton glanced at his watch. Forty of the sixty minutes had elapsed and in twenty more the Petrel's guns would be banging away, and while Lamberton and Wood knew very well what the issue of the new fight would be, so far as the fleet and arsenal were concerned, they had an uneasy misgiving that their share in it would be a decidedly unknown quantity. It was with no unnecessary search for phrases, therefore, that Lamberton wrote down these terms:

"Without further delay all Spanish officers and men must be withdrawn, and no buildings or stores must be injured. As Commodore Dewey does not wish further hostility with the Spanish naval forces, the Spanish officers will be paroled and the forces at the arsenal will deliver all their small arms."

The conversation had been in Spanish but the conditions were written in English, and Sostoa wanted them translated and clearly explained. Again Lamberton looked at his watch. Five minutes of the hour only remained. Things were getting critical. Sostoa was pleading for more time when Lamberton broke in on him.

"Excuse me, captain," he said, "but there is an absolute reason why I should return at once to the vessel. I will give you until noon and if on that hour the white flag is not again hoisted over this arsenal we shall again open fire. Good-morning."

It was not far to the landing, but both Lamberton and Wood agreed that the effort they made to repress all outward evidence of haste, coupled with their knowledge that if they did not get on board the launch and steam away during the next minute or two they would not get there at all, made up a situation of what the dramatist calls "suppressed emotion," which was very exciting as long as it lasted. They reached the landing and the launch just in time; for as they put off from the steps they could see the men moving into position around the Petrel's guns in a way that meant mischief.

The situation had its comedy ending. Captain Sostoa did not wait for noon, but hoisted the white flag at a quarter to eleven; and when Lamberton returned to take possession he found that that punctilious Don had marched off to Manila with every man, and that every man had taken his rifle.

No sooner had the Spaniards evacuated Cavite than the natives, who must have been lurking in

"CONCORD," U. S. N.

Gunboat. Twin screw. Commissioned February 14th, 1891. 13 officers; 180 men.
Dimensions, 230 feet by 36 feet; Draft, 14 feet. Displacement, 1710 tons. Speed, 16½ knots.
Main Battery, six 6-inch breech-loading rifles. Secondary Battery, two 6-pounder and two 3-pounder rapid fire guns, two 37-millimetre Hotchkiss revolving cannon and two gatlings.

crowds among the bushes and in the back streets, swarmed into the place, bent on thieving. Our marines were instantly ordered on shore for guard and police duty, but before they were landed the nimble-fingered Philippino had done a fair day's work in the ransacking line. Even the arsenal and hospitals were threatened, and those in charge of the latter must indeed have thought they had lit on hard times when the American marines landed. The Philippino they understood, but the American they seemed to regard as a monster of unknown possibilities. As our men landed they were met by a long procession of priests and nuns who begged them not to massacre the wounded in the hospitals.

The petition was incomprehensible until we got a copy of the governor-general's proclamation which he had issued before the fight. In this extraordinary document he had told the people that we who were coming were the excresences of the world, that our favorite occupation was the pillaging of churches and the sack of nunneries, that our favorite amusement was that of torturing our prisoners, and that when this failed us we turned our attention, as a sort of side entertainment, to the desecration of graveyards. In a word that we were a mixture of Frankenstein and Moloch, compared to which

the King of Benin of the City of Blood was a daisy-cropping lamb. When we saw the rows of wounded Spaniards laid out in the hospital and crowding the cathedral, we came to the conclusion that for gunners who had never been in action our men had done wonders. We gathered an estimate, too, of the number of wounded which not even the Spanish official reports convinced us were excessive.

The wounded were taken to Manila under the Red Cross, and since then we have been busy rendering Cavite habitable and clean. We have been busy, too, raising what guns we could, cleaning up the harbor and making things generally ship-shape.

We know, of course, that there is much yet to do. Spain's power in the Philippines has been crushed, but it has not been extinguished. The subjugation of Manila and the occupation of these islands, the deportation of the Spanish troops from the different posts at Iloilo and Guam and the establishment of a new form of government, have all to be accomplished. There is much indeed to do and much help from the strong hands at home is needed to do it. And so it is that while we do not sit idly by, but find plenty of needed hard work in this hot and steamy bay, we keep our lights burning at night and our

eyes turned each morning up to the Boca Grande, through which we know the big ships and the fighting men will come that shall enable us to finish well that great work which Dewey has so nobly begun.

ADDENDUM.

REAR-ADMIRAL DEWEY'S RECORD.

Rear-Admiral George Dewey, like many another high officer in the United States Navy, was born and bred in the country, and knew little of the sea until after his appointment to a naval cadetship in 1854. He is a Vermonter by birth, and is accredited to that State in the records of the Naval Academy, at Annapolis. He was graduated in 1858 in a class which included a great number of young men who have since distinguished themselves in the naval service. He first saw service aboard the old steam frigate Wabash, then attached to the Mediterranean squadron. A cruise of about one year in her well fitted him for the stirring work which time and events cut out for him at a little later period.

He received his commission as lieutenant April 19, 1861, and was immediately assigned to the steamship Mississippi, which had been attached to the West Gulf squadron. On that craft he got his first baptism of fire. The Mississippi was a part of Farragut's fleet which forced an entrance to the Mississippi River, and afterward

ran between torrents of shot and shell just prior to the surrender of New Orleans.

Nothing more daring was done on the water during the civil war than Admiral Farragut's attempt to run past the formidable batteries at Port Hudson. In the narrowest part of the channel heavy guns were mounted on both sides of the stream, and several of the invading ships in trying to force a passage almost scraped the muzzles of the guns. The Mississippi in the thick fog and smoke ran aground lower down.

One of the enemy's batteries was close by, and from it within less than thirty minutes no less than two hundred and fifty solid shots were hurled at the helpless little sloop. Seeing that there was no hope for them on board and that the Mississippi was being riddled from stem to stern, all hands took to the small boats, and most of them escaped to the shore opposite the battery. Lieutenant Dewey was one of those who got away in safety.

His next assignment was to the steam gunboat Agawan, of the North Atlantic blockading squadron. He participated in several engagements below Donaldsonville, La., in July, 1863, and in two of the memorable attacks on Fort Fisher, in December of the following year.

He was commissioned lieutenant-commander

March 3, 1865, and attached to the European squadron, first serving on the Kearsarge and then on the flagship Colorado. Returning to the home station in 1868 he was ordered to report for duty at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He remained there one year and was then given command of the Narragansett, detailed for special service. April 13, 1872, he was commissioned as commander, and for three years was engaged in surveying in the Pacific. In 1876 he was appointed lighthouse inspector, and later became secretary of the Lighthouse Board. He commanded the Juniata on the Asiatic station in 1882, and in 1884 was promoted to be captain and placed in charge of the Dolphin, one of the four ships which formed the original "White Squadron." A year later he was in command of the Pensacola, of the European squadron, and continued at that post until 1888, when he became chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting. Feburary 28, 1896, he was commissioned as commodore, and at about the same time was made president of the Board of Inspection and Survey. This place he held until he was given command of the Asiatic station.

Altogether, Commodore Dewey has seen almost sixteen years of service at sea, while he has done duty on shore twenty-three and a half years. He

is one of the strictest disciplinarians in the navy, and for that reason is not overpopular with under officers and crew. Men who have served with him do not hesitate to say that he is a born strategist and fighter, a clear-headed and skillful commanding officer. He is a firm believer in the truth of the old maxim "Nothing venture, nothing have," and has always been ranked among the most daring of American naval officers. But with his readiness to take chances there has always been exhibited the saving qualities of good judgment and horse sense. No better man could have been found to undertake the task of annihilating the Spanish Asiatic squadron in its stronghold.

Socially Commodore Dewey is much liked. He is one of the finest-looking men in the navy, which is saying a great deal, and has sometimes been known as "Gentleman George." He is a great clubman and a huntsman of no mean repute. In riding to the hounds he has often distinguished himself, while as a daring horseman he probably has no superior in this country. He is also an all-round athlete. He is a widower.

He received the public thanks of the Congress of the United States May 10, and was promoted by the President to the rank of rear-admiral May 13.

Acting Rear Admiral GEORGE DEWEY
Commander-in-Chief

Commander B. P. LAMBERTER, Chief-of-Staff

Lieutenant L. M. BRUMBY, Flag Lieutenant

Ensign H. H. CALDWELL, Secretary

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Lieut.-Commander, S. C. PAINE.

Lieutenants: C. G. CALKINS, V. S. NELSON, G. S. MORGAN, S. M. STRITE

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Med. Inspector, A. F. PRICE; Passed Ass't Surgeon, J. E. PAGE; Ass't Surgeon, C H. KINDLEBERGER; Pay Inspector, D. A. SMITH; Chief Engineer, J. ENTWISTLE; Ass't Engineer, E. H. DELANY; Ass't Engineer, J. F. MARSHALL, Jr; Chaplain, J. B. FRAZIER; Captain of Marines, W. P. BIDDLE; Gunner, L. J. G. KUHLWEIN; Carpenter, W. MACDONALD; Acting Boatswain, E. J. NORCOTT

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P. BABIN

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Lieutenants: W. Braunersreuther
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M. J. McCormack
U. E. Irwin

Naval Cadets, D. W. Wurtsbaugh, I. Z. Wettensoll, C. M. Tozer, T. A. Karney; Passed Ass't Surgeon, F. A. Heiseler; Ass't Surgeon, R. K. Smith; Pay Inspector, E. Bellows; Chief Engineer, A. C. Engard; Ass't Engineers, H. B. Price, H. I. Cone; Naval Cadet (engineer), C. P. Burt; Chaplain, T. S. K. Freeman; First Lieut. of Marines, D. Williams; Acting Boatswain, H. R. Brayton; Gunner, L. J. Connelly; Acting Gunner, L. J. Waller; Carpenter, O. Bath.

THE CONCORD

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